

# The Hong Kong Daily Press.

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日九月七日正午

HONGKONG, MONDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1877.

壹拜禮 號七十二月八英 香港

[PRICE \$2<sup>1/2</sup> PER MONTH.]

## SHIPPING.

**ARRIVALS.**  
August 25. LOUDOUN CASTLE, British str., 1415; A. Marshall, London via Suez 18th July, Singapore 20th August, General—ADAMSON, Bell & Co.

August 25. HOWSANG, Chinese steamer, 795, Lamont, Canton 24th August, General C. M. S. N. Co.

August 25. MAGIE, British gunboat, Commander W. M. Lang, Canton 24th August.

August 25. SOMERSET, British str., 1,000, J. Torrance, Singapore 18th August, General—GIRN, LIVINGSTON & Co.

August 25. YANZHENG, British steamer, 782, Schmitz, Shanghai 21st August, General—SIEMSEN & Co.

August 25. LOMBARDY, British str., 1,726, W. B. Hall, Bombay 6th August, Galle 12th, Penang 17th, and Singapore 20th, Mails and General—P. & S. O. S. Co.

August 25. WM. PHILLIPS, Amer. sch., 925, Healy, Whampoa 24th August, General—ED. SCHELHASS & Co.

August 25. CHINA, German steamer, 648, Ackermann, Canton 25th August, General—SIEMSEN & Co.

August 25. TAIWAN, British str., 408, M. Young, Namtsui 21st August, Taiwan 23rd, and Swatow 25th, General—D. LAFAURE & Co.

August 25. SPARTAN, British str., 987, J. Cooper, Penang 16th August, and Singapore 20th, General—JARDINE, MARRISON & Co.

August 25. NORNIA, British steamer, 606, Walker, Swatow 25th August, General—KNOX ACHRON.

August 26. MARITELA, Spanish str., 202, Jose Munoz, Manila 22nd Aug., General—REMEDIOS & Co.

CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE, HONGKONG, 25th.

Irene, German schooner, for Whampoa.

Samos, American schooner, for Thantien.

Fornace, German schooner, for Whampoa.

HOWSON, Chinese steamer, for Shanghai.

Echo, British bark, for Whampoa.

Christian, German bark, for Quinhon.

Onward, British schooner, for Quinhon.

Capella, Swedish bark, for Keeling.

London Castle, British str., for Shanghai.

DEPARTURES.

August 25. HINDOSTAN, British steamer, for Singapore and Bombay.

August 25. CAYSBROOKE, British str., for Singapore.

August 25. MARIA, French bark, for Haiphong.

August 25. JAMES S. STONE, American bark, for Nagasaki.

August 25. PENSLAW, Brit. bark, for Guam.

August 25. KRYING THIP, Siamese bark, for Chefoo.

August 25. BATAVIA, German bark, for Newchwang.

August 25. E. VON BEAULIEU, German bark, for Cheloo.

August 25. TRONDHAL, Danish str., for London.

August 25. YANGTZE, British steamer, for Canton.

August 26. HOWSANG, Chinese steamer, for Shanghai.

August 26. MALACCA, British steamer, for Yokohama.

August 26. FORMOSA, German schooner, for Whampoa.

August 26. POLYNESIA, Ger. sh., for London.

August 26. IRENE, Ger. sch., for Whampoa.

August 26. PETERSON, Ger. bk., for C'fco.

August 26. LOUDOUN CASTLE, Brit. str., for Shanghai.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per Loudoun Castle, str., from Singapore—60 Chinese.

Per Someret, str., from Singapore—542 Chinese.

Per Yangtze, str., from Shanghai—1,000 European, and 200 Chinese.

Per Lombardy, str., from Bombay, &c.—For Hongkong.

From Bombay—Messrs. J. Reuben, and O. S. Salter. From Gallo—Messrs. C. D. Stewart, C. E. Colahan, Commander R. Evans, and Senator J. Gascogne. From Singapore—Mr. D. Flaxyson, and 31 Chinese.

From Madras—Mr. E. P. Raphael.

Per Ormoc, str., from Manila.

Per Penang, str., from John Adams.

Per Sparrow, str., from Penang, &c.—170 Chinese.

Per Norna, str., from Swatow—200 Chinese.

Per Maricles, str., from Manila—102 Chinese.

DEPARTED.

Per Howsing, str., for Shanghai—40 Chinese.

REPORTS.

The British steamship *Worcester* reports left Swatow on 25th August, and had S.W. winds and fine weather throughout.

The Spanish steamship *Orval* reports left Manila on 23rd August, and had fine weather throughout.

The Spanish steamship *Mariola* reports left Singapore on 18th at 5 p.m., and experienced S.W. monsoon to 13 N.E.; thence to port light S.E. winds and weather throughout.

The British steamship *Spartan* reports left Penang on 16th August, and Singapore on the 20th. The first part fine weather and light S.W. monsoon; the latter part N.E. winds and variable currents.

The British steamship *Loudoun Castle* reports left London on 18th July, and Singapore on 20th August, and experienced S. Westerly winds and clear weather to Cape Palauan; from thence to port N-E. Basterly winds with equal and rain.

The British steamship *Taiwan* reports left Tomon on 21st August, Taiwan on the 25th, and Swatow on the 25th, and had light South-easterly winds to Taiwan, and light N.E. winds to Asia, had winds to S.E., with variable winds to port. In Asia, str., *Giant*, *Cloud*, and *Yeast*. In Swatow, H.M.C. Hornet, str., *Hochu*, *Chesu*, and *Nora*.

The British steamship *Yankee* reports left Shanghai on 21st August at 10 a.m., leaving only winds and high S.E. swell. Had rain and squalls, and heavy thunder and lightning, with variable winds to Pukian Island; from thence to Lamock light N.E. and East winds; fine weather. Passed the steamer going into Shanghai, and passed the steamship *Yugui* of Chapel Island.

AUCTION SALES TO-DAY.

None.

## NOTICES OF FIRMS.

**NOTICE.**  
M. R. EDWARD BURNELL will conduct the business of my firm during my temporary absence from Hongkong.

R. H. CAIENS,  
Surveyor to Local Offices and Lloyd's Register of Shipping.

2 Club Chambers, Hongkong, 19th March, 1877. [1m430]

**NOTICE.**

M. F. C. DITTMER is authorized to SIGN our Firm per Procuration.

SANDER & CO.,  
Hongkong, 23rd June, 1877. [1m431]

**NOTICE.**

M. W. M. HOWLAND is authorized to SIGN our Firm Name per procura-

tion.

DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & CO.,  
Hongkong, 10th July, 1877. [1m432]

**NOTICE.**

WILLIAMS & CO.,  
Swatow, 1st December, 1876. [1m394]

**NOTICE.**

EDWARD SHEPPARD and Mr. M. V. GREEN are authorized to SIGN the NAME of our Firm per procuration at FOOCHOW, and Mr. F. F. ELLIWELL at AMOY.

RUSSELL & CO.,  
China, 1st June, 1877. [1m442]

**NOTICE.**

SPACIOUS GRANITE GODOWN, con-

tinued with the above, fronting the Water-

and Queen's Road.

SAHAR & TOLLEY, Solicitors,

Hongkong, 23rd July, 1877. [1m433]

**NOTICE.**

THE THREE LARGE HOUSES (twenty

thoroughly repaired and in good Condi-

tion) for Sale.

TO LET.

HOUSE, No. 10, ALBANY ROAD, lately

occupied by the Rev. R. H. Kidd.

"BISNETTE VILLA," POOLPOOL, Fer-

nished.

DAVID SASOON, SONS & CO.,  
Hongkong, 16th June, 1877. [1m432]

**NOTICE.**

THE THREE LARGE HOUSES (twenty

thoroughly repaired and in good Condi-

tion) for Sale.

TO LET.

HOUSE, Nos. 4 and 5, PECKHAM TERRACE,

High Street.

LAURENT, ATKINSON & CO.,  
LAMBERT, ATKINSON & CO. have received

the above.

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

THE DIVIDEND declared for the half-year ending on 30th June last, at the rate of ONE POUND STERLING (41) per Share of \$125 PAYABLE on and after FRIDAY, the 17th instant, at the Office of the Corporation, where Shareholders are requested to apply for War-

rentals.

By Order of the Court of Directors.

THOMAS JACKSON, Chief Manager.

Hongkong, 16th August, 1877. [1m283]

**NOTICE.**

THE PREMISES in BANK BUILDINGS,

now occupied by THE COMPTOIR D'ES-

COMPTOIR DE PARIS. Possession from 1st Octo-

ber, 1877.

Apply to E. R. BELLIUS, [1m124]

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## EXTRACTS.

## THE TWO OBADIAHS.

(FROM BULL AND WARD ON THE "INFLUENZA.")

Says the Old Obadiah to the Young Obadiah,  
"Is it possible a wogor or a wham?"  
Through her rubs if shot should hurtle; Reed declares  
that she'll turn turt.  
Will she swim, Obadiah, will she swim?  
Ere about she has to go,  
Her crew would like to know—  
And i who play, also—  
Will she swim, Obadiah, will she swim?"

Says the Young Obadiah to the Old Obadiah,  
"As for Reed, place no suspense upon him,  
A model we have got there, though both side go to  
pot."

She will swim, Obadiah, she will swim.

In our tank the model rides,  
Open plugholes in her sides,  
There, ends waterlogged, she bides,  
Safe in swim, Obadiah, safe to swim.

Says the Old Obadiah to the Young Obadiah,  
"Tank and ship may be filled to the brim;

But Reed says'nt dare to tamper with you,

model ship's ton-hopper."

She may swim, Obadiah, she may swim.

But I mustn't trust my eyes—

For Reed has mouldy lies,

And, for ship herself, denies.

That she'll swim, Obadiah, that she'll swim."

Says the Young Obadiah to the Old Obadiah,

"Your eyes and ears can see so so dir—

As to think we'd try to choose both Lords and Com-

mons Home—

Ship and model, Obadiah, both will swim.

Skip and model, both, my friend,

Gravitation's laws defend;

Through slot wide either end,

Both will swim, Obadiah, both will swim."

—Pan.

Emerson.

Emerson is undoubtedly a master on the New England scale—a master as the land and race are capable of producing. He stands out clear and unapproachable. The national type, as illustrated by half-sections of the country, is the purest and strongest in any yet. He can never suffer eclipse. Compared with the English or German masters, he is undoubtedly deficient in visera, in moral and intellectual stomach; but, on the other hand, is of a fiber and quality hard to match in any age or land. From first to last he strikes one as something extremely pure and compact, like a nut or an egg.

Great matters and tendencies lie folded in him; or rather are summarised in his pages. He writes short, but pregnant chapters on great themes, as in his "English Traits," a book which presents put-up powder, for

just a pound of Emerson, to every pound of John Bull. His chapter on Swedenborg in "Representative Men" is a good sample of his power to abbreviate and reduce with added force. His mind acts like a sun; it gathers down the cold pale beams of that luminary to a focus which warms and stimulates the reader in a surprising manner. The gism of the whole matter is here; and how much weariness and dullness and plodding is left out!

In fact, Emerson is an essence, a condensation; more so, perhaps, than any other man who has appeared in literature. Nowhere else is there such a preponderance of pure statement, of the very atom of thought over the bulkier, circumstantial, qualifying or secondary elements. He gives us not results. He is like those strong artificial fertilisers. A pinch of him is equivalent to a page or two of Johnson, and he is pitched many degrees higher as an essayist than even Bacon. He has had an immediate stimulating effect upon all the best minds of the country; how deep or lasting this influence will remain to be seen.

Emerson's page has more serene astral beauty than Carlyle's, but not that intense blast-furnace heat that melts down the most obtrusive facts and characters into something plastic and poetical. Emerson's ideal is always the scholar, the man of books and ready wit; Carlyle's is the hero of stern and rigid rule, or a master worker in some active field.

Emerson's quality has changed a good deal in his later writings. His corn is no longer in the milk; it has grown hard, and we that read have grown hard too. He has now ceased to be an expansive, revolutionary force, but he has not ceased to be a writer of extraordinary grim and unexpected resources of statement. His startling pieces of advice, "Hitch your wagon to a star," is typical of the man, as combining the most unlike and widely separate qualities. Because, not less marked than his idealism and mysticism, his shrewd common sense, his practical bent, his definiteness—in fact, the sharp New England mould in which he is cast. He is the master Yankee, the centaur of flower and fruit, the man of all work, the philosopher of himself, the moral philosopher, the poet of him. He sees in the world only the ethical, but he sees it through the pathetic faculty. Hence his page has the double charm of the beautiful and the good.

But if Emerson has not advanced, he has not receded, at least in conviction and will, which is always the greatest danger with our bold prophets. The world in which he lives, themes upon which he writes, never become hackneyed to him. They are always fresh and new. He has hardened, but time has not abated one iota or tittle his courage and hope—no cynicism and no relaxing of his hold, no decay of his faith, while the nobleness of his tone, the chivalry of his utterance, is even more marked than at first. Better a hundred fold than his praise of fine manners is the delicacy and courtesy and the grace of generous breeding displayed on every page.

But after we have made all possible deductions from Emerson there remains the fact that he is a living force, and tried by home standards, a master. Wherever does the secret of his power lie? He is the prophet and philosopher of young men. The old man and the man of the world make little of him, but of the youth who are ripe for him, he takes almost an unfair advantage. One secret of his charm I take to be the instant success with which he transfers our interest in the romantic, the chivalrous, the heroic, to the sphere of morals and the intellect. We are let into another realm unlooked for, where daring and imagination also lead. The secret and supposition of winning welcome guineas; neither are there tide-tables nor tidal trains

for the navigation of channels, they being all tide-less; no lovers there can take moonlight walks; all the consequence of Venus's having no moon. The climate? Well, Russia exaggerated; not an Eden bathed in eternal spring. The seasons, instead of being like warm and undecided, manifest unmistakably what they are and mean. The sun stars at you fiercely, opening his eye full third wider than with us. That would be a comparative trifle if Venus razed round her orbit in an upright position as we do. But in consequence of the great inclination of her axis, her polar overlap her tropical regions, producing two zones, much wider than our temperate zones. The snow and ice at the poles have to time to accumulate; a thaw sets in, and spring passes like a dream. The agitation of the winds, the rains and tempests, surpass in continuance and violence anything we witness here. There is constant evaporation from the sea with the immediate precipitation of torrential showers, and the clouds variably resulting thence are the great impediment to our study of Venus's topography. Venus's mountains are much higher than ours—namely, more than twice as high as the Himalayas, her northern hemisphere being more mountainous than the southern. Her Alpine clubs, therefore, have fine opportunities for glorious and bold hardy scaling of peaks without much inconvenience, as it happens, from rarefied air; unless M. Flammarion's supposition removes all danger whatever. The case is this: Venus's atmosphere—whose ordinary state is to be covered with clouds, hindering the rays of the broad-disked sun—although composed of the same gases as ours, is thicker and denser than our own, and more saturated with aqueous vapour, which must feel like breathing diluted water. The deep atmosphere gives lengthened twilights as some compensation for the want of a moon. But with an atmosphere expressly made for flight, why should not the aeronautics be organised for flying? Then can they escape the contrivances of winter and summer by migrating, like our storks and swallows, from hemisphere to hemisphere. Venus's seas are Mediterranean rather than oceanic; the influence of their waters moderates other extreme of temperature; and it is thicker that frozen-out or scorched-out populations flock by their help of heat and powerful wings; instead of the tardy railways which carry our shivering invalids to winter in the South. The same means enable bashful couples to keep rendezvous on the top of Aphroditean Masterhairs, and allow parties socially inclined to arrange ice-eating feasts on Venus's Mount Rosas. Nevertheless, graceful and easy as flight looks, it must be hard work, and when one is lazily inclined, a great exertion. All things considered, I will not harden in Venus unless on compulsion—all the Year Round.

His early writings were more dawning and suggestive, and had reference to larger problems; but now everything has got weighed and stamped and converted into the medium of wise and scholarly conversation. It is of great value; these later essays are so many bars of genuine coin, which it has taken to make him a hard well-filled with them. Hard cash at that; no paper promises satisfy him; he loves the clink and glint of the real coin.

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I know of no other writing that yields the reader so many strongly-stamped medallions, like sayings and distinctions. There is a perpetual refining and re-coining of the current wisdom of life and conversation. If it is the old gold or silver or copper, but how bright and new it looks in his pages! Emerson loves facts, things, objects, as the workman his tools. He makes everything serve. The stress of expression is so great that he bends the most obtuse element to his purpose as the bird, under her keen necessity, weaves the most contrary and diverse materials into her nest. He seems to like best material

that is a little refractory; it makes his page more piquant and stimulating. Within certain limits he loves rough, but not to the expense of fancy. He has a wonderful hardness and push. "Where else in literature is there a mind, moving so rare a medium, that gives one such a sense of tangible resistance and force?" It is a principle that velocity is the secret grand as mass; double your speed, and you double your heart, though you halve your weight. In like manner, this body we are considering is not the dexterous spirit speeded by practice, but the intensity of his spirit with practice and experience is almost without parallel. Everything about a man like Emerson is important. I find his physiology and physiognomy, and that ordinarily typical and suggestive. Look at his pictures; the large strong features on a small face and head, no blank spaces; all given up to expression. A high proportion of his brain is in his forehead, a massive bony brow, a nose that is more than a nose, and a mouth that is more than a mouth. But this admirable quality, except by persons of considerable pecuniality means, A man therefore, is surely developed well of his country, who shall have discovered, or least made public, a clear substitute for this remedy; and I am that man. I am travelling through Lancashire last week in a miles-a-mileage, in which I had the honour to escort the Lady Violet Elizabethe with her ladyship. Cora, when one of the aborigines entered. He was a big, rough fellow, who in any other country would have thought had made a mistake in getting into a first-class compartment—had been had a mill worth to that a year. He entered into conversation not only with me (which I could forgive) but with the Lady Violet, who, I am afraid, was rather amused with him. He observed that she was looking white; she is called "The Lily of Bulgaria" and she acknowledged that she suffered from neuralgia.

"Nobody should do that, ma'am," observed her, "for there is a sovereign remedy for it."

"Indeed?" said she, with a faint sweet smile. "I should like to know what it is."

"It is ergot."

She took out a lovely set of ivory tablets, and said, "How do you spell it?" She thought it was a patent medicine.

"He said ergot. Dog, ergot, oil, etc.

Good Heavens!" cried I, "dog-oil?"

"Yes, it never fails. Take darg, like that (pointed to Cora, a King Charles spaniel) and boil him down. Then apply the oil so externally."

Lady Violet was silent. I do not even know what she thought, for she never revealed it to me. I still share this important secret with her ladyship, and whenever Cora waddles into the room, we exchange a significant smile.—*The Gentleman's Magazine* for July.

## A CURE FOR NEURALGIA.

In this obdurate country, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's eloquent denunciations of everything from Constantinople, Turkish baths still exist. Persons who have a great deal of time and a great deal of money, and who do not object to be tortured, and them, I understand, very agreeably, in every conceivable way, are provided with a secret channel for the indulgence of a secret spirit. A box is placed at our principal Hammams, or Hammas, for deposit of "the Shamsi," or sham poor (that Turkish name for ergot), which is almost without parallel. Everything about a man like Emerson is important. I find his physiology and physiognomy, and that ordinarily typical and suggestive. Look at his pictures; the large strong features on a small face and head, no blank spaces; all given up to expression. A high proportion of his brain is in his forehead, a massive bony brow, a nose that is more than a nose, and a mouth that is more than a mouth. But this admirable quality, except by persons of considerable pecuniality means, A man therefore, is surely developed well of his country, who shall have discovered, or least made public, a clear substitute for this remedy; and I am that man. I am travelling through Lancashire last week in a miles-a-mileage, in which I had the honour to escort the Lady Violet Elizabethe with her ladyship. Cora, when one of the aborigines entered. He was a big, rough fellow, who in any other country would have thought had made a mistake in getting into a first-class compartment—had been had a mill worth to that a year. He entered into conversation not only with me (which I could forgive) but with the Lady Violet, who, I am afraid, was rather amused with him. He observed that she was looking white; she is called "The Lily of Bulgaria" and she acknowledged that she suffered from neuralgia.

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LIFE IN THE PLANET VENUS.

Many people fancy that Venus must be a delightful residence, because she looks so clear and bright. But all is not gold, nor even silver, that glitters, and Venus can hardly be a worldly paradise. Splendour may be all very well, but comforts merit a passing thought. There is no fault to be found with Venus's days and nights in central latitudes; they are much the same as ours, only just a trifle shorter. But her years put everybody in the position of the famous beggar whose days had dwindled to the shortest span: Instead of Earth's allowing three hundred and sixty-five, sometimes sixty-six, days, Venus only gives you two hundred and thirty-one—not eight months, in lieu of twelve. If the term of life there as here, by three score years and ten, four months out of twelve is a terrible discount to deduct for the pleasure of dwelling on Earth's evening star which is our next-door neighbour. And then, how quickly quarter-day comes round! That inconvenience however, or perhaps convenience, takes its toll of circumstances; I mean ours, yours, or mine, according as they are straitened or easy. If we are over-housed and over-established, with two horses when we can only afford one, and a bullock out of every when an adolescent bullock would be more prudent, Venus's quarter-day must give frequently frequent pinches; but if we are overburdened at our funker's, with more planetary three per cents, and midland Venus railway dividends coming in when we spend in that case quarter-day may dawn upon us as often as it pleases. Neither have you, in Venus, the choice of giving servants a month's warning or a month's wages; neither do monthly magazines, by delighting their readers, afford literary ladies and gentlemen opportunities of earning welcome guineas; neither are there tide-tables nor tidal trains

for the navigation of channels, they being all tide-less; no lovers there can take moonlight walks; all the consequence of Venus's having no moon. The climate? Well, Russia exaggerated; not an Eden bathed in eternal spring. The seasons, instead of being like warm and undecided, manifest unmistakably what they are and mean. The sun stars at you fiercely, opening his eye full third wider than with us. That would be a comparative trifle if Venus razed round her orbit in an upright position as we do. But in consequence of the great inclination of her axis, her polar overlap her tropical regions, producing two zones, much wider than our temperate zones. The snow and ice at the poles have to time to accumulate; a thaw sets in, and spring passes like a dream. The agitation of the winds, the rains and tempests, surpass in continuance and violence anything we witness here. There is constant evaporation from the sea with the immediate precipitation of torrential showers, and the clouds variably resulting thence are the great impediment to our study of Venus's topography. Venus's mountains are much higher than ours—namely, more than twice as high as the Himalayas, her northern hemisphere being more mountainous than the southern. Her Alpine clubs, therefore, have fine opportunities for glorious and bold hardy scaling of peaks without much inconvenience, as it happens, from rarefied air; unless M. Flammarion's supposition removes all danger whatever. The case is this: Venus's atmosphere—whose ordinary state is to be covered with clouds, hindering the rays of the broad-disked sun—although composed of the same gases as ours, is thicker and denser than our own, and more saturated with aqueous vapour, which must feel like breathing diluted water. The deep atmosphere gives lengthened twilights as some compensation for the want of a moon. But with an atmosphere expressly made for flight, why should not the aeronautics be organised for flying? Then can they escape the contrivances of winter and summer by migrating, like our storks and swallows, from hemisphere to hemisphere. Venus's seas are Mediterranean rather than oceanic; the influence of their waters moderates other extreme of temperature; and it is thicker that frozen-out or scorched-out populations flock by their help of heat and powerful wings; instead of the tardy railways which carry our shivering invalids to winter in the South. The same means enable bashful couples to keep rendezvous on the top of Aphroditean Masterhairs, and allow parties socially inclined to arrange ice-eating feasts on Venus's Mount Rosas. Nevertheless, graceful and easy as flight looks, it must be hard work, and when one is lazily inclined, a great exertion. All things considered, I will not harden in Venus unless on compulsion—all the Year Round.

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## HONGKONG MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY CHINESE ON THE 25TH AUG. 1877.

COTTON GOODS.

American Drills, 30 yards, per piece.

American Drills, 15 lbs., per piece.

American Drills, 10 lbs., per piece.

American Drills, 12 lbs., per pair.

American Drills, 10 lbs., per pair.

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American Drills, 10 lbs., per pair.

American Drills, 12 lbs., per pair